

## START WRITING HERE

Pet day. How could any school seriously expect people to get enthusiastic about Pet Day? This was my way of telling myself I would be OK, trying to reassure myself. Placing my 'safety' in thoughts that were not only untrue, but judgement. A quality that has done anything but serve me well.

It all started with my friend and it definitely wasn't her fault. Her name was Amelia, and she moved here one year before we did. Amelia was my best friend when I was younger. She lived across the road from me. Our parents called us "Leaumes in a husk". Pretty lame lame huh? Anyway that doesn't matter anymore. She was attacked by a dog. Amelia loved that big white coat she liked to wear it when she went out. As it bit she bled. The gleaming white coat she loved was turning red. Not the bright red of a fire engine, or the joyful red of firecrackers but the deep thick red of life. As she dyed her coat, she was dying. I didn't register what I was seeing at the time. I was too young and it was beyond my comprehension. A dog killed my friend. A dog. Dogs killed her.

I have a dog phobia. They terrify me. It's not enough that they killed her, but they need to terrify me to satisfy their cruel hunger. That's why my only form of some comfort was thought. Half thoughts providing half comfort. Which is also why pet day. PET day. Pet DAY is a waste of my time.

I saw my white shirt turn red and my life get eaten by the dogs. But when I look up all I see is my friends and the dog who now appears so irrevocably cute. And I make up my mind I want to be a vet.